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harp put together without any special reason except to make a picture.

Two Midsummers, by Post and Whittemore.

Autumn Sunlight, by Reba.

On the Beach, by Burdick.

Also a squirrel-like child, as Mr. Davies would say, taking a good drink, and a pondering ghost-like library maid by Philip Hale.

I cannot conclude before expressing my astonishment that so many *good* pictures were fired, and that so many atrociously bad ones were hung on the line. God save the "Saturday Luncheon Club!"

CHAPTER 207, SECTION 15, AND 16.

STATUTES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LAW.

An Object Lesson.

SECT. 15. Whoever imports, prints, publishes, sells or distributes a book, pamphlet, ballad, printed paper, or other thing containing obscene, indecent, or impure language, manifestly tending to the corruption of the morals of youth, or an obscene, indecent, or impure print, picture, figure, or description, manifestly tending to the corruption of the morals of youth, or introduces into a family, school, or place of education, or buys, procures, receives, or has in his possession any such book, pamphlet, ballad, printed paper, or other thing, either for the purpose of sale, exhibition, loan, or circulation, or with intent to introduce the same into a family, school, or place of education, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison for not exceeding more than five years, or in the jail or house of correction for not more than three years, and by fine of not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars.

SECT. 16. When a person is convicted under the preceding section and sentenced to pay a fine, one half of the fine actually paid by such offender shall be paid to the person who informed and prosecuted said offender to conviction.

On the charge of violating above statute I was arrested on the 21st of December, 1893, arrested for a literary work of which only 400 copies circulated in America, and that almost entirely among artists, literary men, actors, ministers, etc., and of which the first edition was *exhausted* with no intent of publishing another. I remained in Suffolk County Jail like an ordinary criminal until some friends secured bail for me about Jan. 2d. A sad reflection

on the social standing of our artists. Why is not the name of one good artist enough to go bail for \$500. The case was tried before Judge Hardy in the Municipal Court on January 4 and sent to the Grand Jury. While waiting in the court room for examination I was arrested for the second time for selling "Christ," the first warrant being for publishing it. Considering the advice of my lawyers, Mr. T. W. Coakley and Mr. A. S. Hayes, I pleaded guilty of having violated the laws, not of having written an immoral book, and paid a fine of \$100.

Had I not been the editor of THE ART CRITIC, with an aim in view, and under certain obligations to my subscribers, I would have fought and carried my case from court to court, to the supreme court in Washington. But to accomplish that I would have needed time and a special fund for my defence, and I prefer to be as independent as possible. It is also very doubtful whether I would have been successful, which all can readily understand, who are acquainted with the machinery of the law; and would I or society have gained anything by it? Nothing whatever! Though I am quite willing to undergo martyrdom for the benefit of art and progress, I consider it foolish to make one's family suffer if nothing can be gained by it. I knew that laws of this kind existed, but I did not believe that they could be applied to works of art. Had I known it, I would never have published "Christ" in the United States, as long as there are countries more broad minded and liberal than this free country. My future works of this character will be published in Paris. A country in which free speech is prohibited is not worthy of free speech.

But my drama "Christ" was hardly meant as a champion for free speech, but rather as a champion for individual rights, a book written for the few (and only circulated among the few) who might be strong enough to have their own religious views and code of morals, who despise the vulgar crowd, and yet, at the same time, love humanity, who are optimists because they have waded through pessimism. Poor little book, how thou hast been misunderstood! Be not alarmed, however, thou wilt reap thy harvest in due time; twenty years hence they will pay a premium of \$20 on each copy of the first edition. Yes, human nature is as foolish as all that! Until then, when thou hast become a classic and tolerably respectable, fight for individuality and the nude in art.

But as this is an object lesson to American artists I must refrain from speaking so much of myself.

I beg you, reader, merely to read the above law carefully (it exists nearly in all the States). Then you will understand that every thing in art may become indecent if the head of one of the guardians of public morals looms up behind it.

The St. Gaudens World Fair Medal and Boston Library Seal troubles show that had the artist been less prominent, he might have shared my fate. No artist depicting nudes, no writer describing life truthfully is safe from being arrested.

For it is not the government which prosecutes (which we have to respect) but some of those private associations protected by the law, and not always over-discriminating in the selection of their cases.

If these guardians of the public morals were fanatics, and prosecuted from principle everything that violated the law, as for instance the Police Gazette, etc., I, myself, would support them without obliging them to prosecute me, and excuse the fact that they can see no difference between a work of art and vulgar trash. But I suspect that their morality depends principally on section 16. Yet I may be entirely mistaken, perhaps they are really convinced that they are serving a good, moral purpose which they sometimes do, no doubt.

I do not blame the court; laws once existing should be enforced.

I do not blame these associations as they have the legal right to bulldoze the court and the public. Why should they not do it in a civilization in which one individual continually takes advantage of the other?

I blame the community, and, in particular, all broad minded, intellectual persons, including the artists, that they have not long ago taken a serious measure in introducing a bill into the legislature for the modification of this law, and the repeal of *all* informing fees like section 16.

We artists, merely for self protection, should do everything in our power to accomplish it.

Let everybody do his share when the right time has come for it.

THE EDITOR.

IS ACADEMIC TRAINING HARMFUL?

Can art be taught, or, as the perfume of the rose, will it escape all forms of expression save its own? Geometry is demonstrable, and the geometric laws underlying all art — proportion, rhythm, cadence, —

are doubtless capable of explanation; but ART, the individual expression of the beautiful, are its laws so well known that they can be related and intelligently presented to the student? This is the battle-ground of those who advocate and those who deplore the academic training.

How is it in literature and music? Do the Conservatoire and the Sorbonne make authors or composers? The State generously maintains them because of a popular belief in their power to advance the interests of art, yet who can determine in the results achieved by their graduates, what share the academy may justly claim as its own? Is it due to harmony and counterpoint, — the history of music and familiarity with the works of Bach, Beethoven and Wagner? Many who know all this well are mediocre musicians. Is it the study of Homer and Dante, of Cervantes and Shakespeare? They are the property of every scholar. Evidently all this knowledge may be gained and still result in nothing original.

The vital element is not furnished by class-rooms, museums, nor by courses of study, any more than patriotism is aroused by armories and reviews; but it is the teacher who creates the art atmosphere of the school, whose sympathy can keep pace with the growth of the student, realizing his needs, answering his questions or leading him to seek fresh answers in Nature, and so find *his own expression*.

Unfortunately, much teaching is of a very different sort. Ability to do has been accepted as proof of ability to teach, and the artist whose entire effort has been expended in his own art expression is suddenly appointed to teach others, altho' the *art of teaching* has never claimed his serious attention.

What wonder if the results are bad? Is there any other field of education where inexperience would be chosen as a qualification for teaching? Viewing the effect of such instruction, many claim that the *school* is harmful and fail to discern that the mischief has been done not by the school but by the teacher, who has only made parrot-like copies of himself.

But the opponents of academic training go farther, and claim that, when the teaching is of the best, it can only produce a sort of orthodox dulness, and that fine sensitive natures are crushed by the process. If this be true, it must apply to all schools and all forms of education, and would logically indicate that the youth should be kept from contact with schools or teachers, lest his originality be diminished in learning to read and write correctly.

Every nature mingles heredity and experience in